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DIES IRÆ

IN

THIRTEEN ORIGINAL VERSIONS

BY

ABRAHAM COLES, M.D.

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DIES IRÆ.

INTRODUCTION.

IT would be difficult to find, in the whole range of literature, a production to which a profounder intereſt attaches than to that magnificent canticle of the Middle Ages, the DIES IRÆ. Faſtening on that which is indeſtructible in man, and giving fitter expreſſion than can elsewhere be found, to experiences and emotions which can never cease to agitate him, it has loſt after the lapse of ſix centuries none of its original freſhness and transcendent power to affect the heart. It has commanded alike the admiration of men of piety and men of taſte. By common consent, it is as Daniel remarks: *sacræ poeseos summum decus et Ecclesiæ Latinæ* κειμήλιον *est pretioſiſſimum.* Among gems it is the diamond. It is solitary in

its excellence. Of Latin Hymns, it is the beſt known and the acknowledged maſterpiece. There are others which poſſess much sweetness and beauty, but this ſtands unrivalled. It has superior beauties, with none of their defects. For the moſt part they are more or less Romiſh, but this is Catholic, and not Romiſh at all. It is universal as humanity. It is the cry of the human. It bears indubitable marks of being a personal experience.

The author is supposed to have been a monk: an incredible suppoſition truly did we not know that a monk is also a man. One thing is certain, that the monk does not appear, and that it is the man only that speaks. He no longer dreams and drivels. He is effectually awake. The veil is lifted. He sees Chriſt coming to Judgment. All the tumult and the terror of the Laſt Day are present to him. The final pause and syncope of Nature; the ſhuddering of a horror-ſtruck Universe; the down-ruſhing and wreck of all things—all are present. But these material circumſtances of horror and amazement, he feels are as nothing compared with "the infinite terror of being found guilty before the Juſt Judge." This

ſingle conſideration swallows up every other. The intereſts of an eternity are crowded into a moment.

One great secret of the power and enduring popularity of this Hymn is, undoubtedly, its genuineness. A vital ſincerity breathes throughout. It is a cry *de profundis;* and the cry becomes sometimes—so intense are the terror and solicitude—almoſt a ſhriek. It is in the higheſt degree pathetic. The Muse is "Mater Lachrymarum, Our Lady of Tears." Every line weeps. Underneath every word and syllable, a living heart throbs and pulsates. The very rhythm, or that alternate elevation and depreſſion of the voice, which prosodiſts call the *arſis* and the *theſis*, one might almoſt fancy were synchronous with the contraction and the dilatation of the heart. It is more than dramatic. The horror and the dread are real: are actual not acted. A human heart is laid bare, quivering with life, and we see and hear its tumultuous throbbings. We sympathize—nay, before we are aware, we have changed places. We, too, tremble and quail and cry aloud.

All true Lyric Poetry is subjective. The Dies Iræ is, as we have seen, remarkable for its intense

subjectivity; and whoever duly appreciates this characteriſtic, will have little difficulty in underſtanding its superior effectiveness over everything else that has been written on the same theme. The life of the writer has paſſed into it and informs it, so that it is itself alive. It has vital forces and emanations. Its life mingles with our life. It enters into our veins and circulates in our blood. A virtue goes out from it. It is electrically charged, and contact is inſtantly followed by a ſhock and ſhuddering.

Springing from its subjectivity, if not identical with it, we would further notice, the intenſifying effect of what may be called its personalism, in other words its ego-ism. It is I and not We. Subſtitute the plural pronoun for the ſingular, and it would lose half its pungency. We have had occaſion to observe the weakening effect of this in tranſlation. The truth is, the feeling is of a kind too concentrated and too exacting to allow itself to be diſſipated in the vagueness of any grouping generality. The heart knoweth its own bitterness. There is a grief that cannot be ſhared, neither can it be joined on to another's. It is not social nor common. It is mine

and not yours. It is exclufive, not because it is selfish, but because it has depths beyond the soundings of ordinary sympathy.

This is especially true of some of the intenser forms of religious experience, proceeding as they do from that which is moft intimate and innermoft, the penetralia of a man's consciousness, his moft secret and peculiar self. There is an inner and privileged sanctuary of the heart, which is kept as a chamber locked up. It is hidden and sacred. It may be, that the individual, dwelling habitually in the outer courts of his being, rarely if ever enters into it himself. For man is twofold. A veil divides between the outer and the inner man. Gross and sensual, the majority of mankind are averse to lifting the concealing medium, for fear of unwelcome revelations and discoveries respecting themselves. Goethe is an example of this portentous preference for half knowledge: "Man," he says, "is a darkened being; he knows not whence he came, nor whither he goes; he knows little of the world and less of himself. I know not myself, and may God protect me from it."

In converfion to God this veil is rent from top to

bottom. There is a self-revelation. Behind the curtain, there in the Moſt Holy Place, where ought to be the Shekinah, the ſhining, senſible Manifeſtation of the Divine Presence, he beholds the Abomination of Iniquity set up. He awakes to the ſtartling fact that he is "without God and without hope in the world." A voice of urgency is sounding in his ears: "Flee from the Wrath to Come." He anticipates the terrors of the Judgment. He feels that there is not a moment to lose. Instinct prompts, and the Word of God enjoins, that he seek to save himself firſt. He knows not whether others are in as bad a case as he. But of his own guilt and danger he has no doubt. An offended Maker confronts him, him in particular. So he prays and agonizes. His may not be "the thews which throw the world"—he is conscious of weakness rather than ſtrength—yet ſingly and alone, he wreſtles with God like Jacob, and prevails like Israel.

The Hymn is not only lyrical in its eſſence, but also in its form. It is inſtinct with muſic. It ſings itself. The grandeur of its rhythm, and the aſſonance and chime of its fit and powerful words, are,

even in the ears of those unacquainted with the Latin language, suggeſtive of the richeſt and mightieſt harmonies. The verse is ternary; and the ternary number, having been eſteemed anciently a symbol of perfection and held in great veneration, may possibly have had something to do with the choice of the ſtrophe. Be this as it may, its metrical ſtructure, as all agree, conſtitutes by no means the leaſt of its extraordinary merits. Trench, in his Selections from Latin Poetry, speaks of the metre as being grandly devised, and fitted to bring out some of the nobleſt powers of the Latin language; and as being, moreover, unique, forming the only example of the kind that he remembers. He notices the solemn effect of the triple rhyme, comparable to blow following blow of the hammer on the anvil. Knapp, in his Liederschatz, likens the original to a blaſt from the trump of resurrection, and declares its power inimitable in any tranſlation.

HISTORY OF THE HYMN.

THE authorſhip of the Dies Iræ is ascribed, apparently upon good grounds, to Thomas of Celano, so called from a small town of that name in Italy. He was a friend and pupil and subsequently the biographer of St. Francis of Aſſiſi, the founder of the order of Minorites, (called also Friars-Minor, Grey Friars or Franciscans, being one of the four orders of mendicant friars,) inſtituted in 1208. Wadding, an Iriſhman and a Minorite, who lived in the firſt half of the seventeenth century, and who wrote a hiſtory of his order, expreſſly refers it to Celano. He mentions two other hymns or Sequences composed by him, one beginning: *Fregit victor virtualis;* the other: *Sanctitatis nova ſigna.* The circum-

ſtance of the Dominican Sixtus Senenſis affecting to sneer at it, calling it *rhythmus inconditus*, is regarded as confirmatory of the opinion, that it was at leaſt the work of a Franciscan; the bitter rivalries subſiſting between the two orders affording, it is thought, the moſt plauſible explanation of a criticism so manifeſtly splenetic and unjuſt. Another corroborative circumſtance is its early admiſſion into the Franciscan Miſſals, by which means a knowledge of it was spread throughout Europe. The correctness of this inference is further suſtained by the fact, that, inscribed on a marble ſlab in the Franciscan Church of St. Francis at Mantua, was found one of the earlieſt copies of the hymn, representing, it is believed, the text as it came from the hands of the author. Dr. Mohnike, a learned and able editor of the Dies Iræ, furniſhes an old copy of the Mantuan text, which differs from the Received text chiefly in this, that the firſt four ſtanzas are additional. They are here given with a tranſlation annexed; also the heading which is as follows:

Meditatio Vetuſta et Venuſta
de Noviſſimo Judicio
quæ Mantuæ in æde D. Francisci in
marmore legitur.

1. Cogita, anima fidelis,
Ad quid respondere velis,
Chriſto venturo de cœlis.

Weigh with solemn thought and tender,
What response, thou, Soul, wilt render,
Then when Chriſt ſhall come in splendor.

2. Cum deposcet rationem
Ob boni omiſſionem,
Ob mali commiſſionem.

And thy life ſhall be inspected,
All its hidden guilt detected,
Evil done and good neglected.

3. Dies illa, dies iræ,
Quam conemur prævenire
Obviamque Deo ire;

For that day of vengeance neareth:
Ready be each one that heareth
God to meet when He appeareth,

4. Seria contritione,
Gratiæ apprehenſione,
Vitæ emendatione.

By repenting, by believing,
By God's offered grace receiving,
By all evil courſes leaving.

The succeeding ſixteen verſes are the same, with ſlight variations, as those of the Church or Received text; but in place of the next verse, which forms the 17th of this, beginning: *Oro supplex et acclinis*, the Mantuan copy has the following for its 21ſt and concluding ſtanza:

21. Conſors ut beatitatis
Vivam cum juſtificatis
In ævum æternitatis. Amen.

That in fellowſhip fraternal
With inhabitants supernal
I may live the life eternal. Amen.

That the abbreviation of the poem, by the omiſſion of the four opening ſtanzas, adds greatly to its general, and ſtill more to its lyric effectiveness, there can be no doubt. The rejected verſes, partaking of

a quiet and meditative character, impair the force of the lyric element. In its present form, all is vehement ſtir and movement, from the grand and ſtartling abruptness of its opening, to the sweet and powerful pathos of its solemn and impreſſive close.

Beſides Celano, various other names have had their supporters for the honor of the authorſhip of this poem. It has been attributed to Gregory the Great, who lived at a period some ſix hundred years earlier. But this would involve the neceſſity of suppoſing that a poem of such extraordinary merit could remain unknown and unnoticed during so many centuries, which is not at all likely. Beſides, it is certain, that, while rhyme was not altogether unknown or unused at that time, it had by no means reached that ſtate of perfection which this poem exhibits.*

Leonard Meiſter, a Swiss writer, claimed that Felix Hämmerlin, (Latinized into Malleolus,) a Church dignitary of Zürich, born in 1389, and who died about 1457, was the author of Dies Iræ, because among Hämmerlin's poems he found a manuscript of this hymn; but the evidence is quite concluſive,

* See Appendix—Origin of Latin Rhyme.

that the hymn was in exiſtence before his time. In the Hämmerlin text, the 16th verse is followed by eight more, probably supplied by Hämmerlin himself. They are here subjoined.

17. Oro supplex a ruinis,
Cor contritum quaſi cinis:
Gere curam mei finis!

From the ruins of creation,
Make I contrite supplication:
Interpose for my salvation!

18. Lachrymosa die illa,
Cum resurget ex favilla,
Tanquam ignis ex scintilla,

On that day of woe and weeping,
When, like fire from spark upleaping,
Starts, from aſhes where he's ſleeping,

19. Judicandus homo reus,
Huic ergo parce, Deus!
Eſto semper adjutor meus!

Man account to Thee to render:
Spare the miserable offender!
Be my Helper and Defender!

20. Quando cœli sunt movendi,
Dies adsunt tunc tremendi,
Nullum tempus pœnitendi.

When the heavens away are flying,
Days of trembling then and crying,
For repentance time denying;

21. Sed salvatis læta dies,
Et damnatis nulla quies,
Sed dæmonum effigies.

To the saved a day of gladness,
To the damned a day of sadness,
Demon forms and ſhapes of madness.

22. O tu Deus majeſtatis,
Alme candor Trinitatis,
Nunc conjunge cum beatis!

God of majeſty and brightness!
Trinity's unspotted whiteness!
Join to saints with bonds of lightness.

23. Vitam meam fac felicem
Propter tuam genetricem,
Jeſſe florem et radicem.

Happiness upon me ſhower,
For Thy Mother's sake, with power
Who is Jeſſe's root and flower.

24. Præſta nobis tunc levamen,
Dulce noſtrum fac certamen,
Ut clamemus omnes, Amen!

From Thy fulness comfort pour us,
Fight Thou with us or fight for us,
So we'll ſhout, Amen, in chorus.

Taking for granted that the Mantuan was the original text, it would follow that the truncation of the four introductory verſes spoken of had already taken place at the time of Hämmerlin; and it is furthermore obvious that the 17th and 18th verſes of the Received text muſt have been formed out of the firſt three of the supplemented verſes of Hämmerlin, as follows, viz.: by subſtituting, in the 17th verse, "et acclinis" for "a ruinis," and taking the firſt two lines of the two succeeding verſes, being triplets, to make up the 18th verse, which conſiſts of four lines. Bating a few verbal variations, the firſt ſixteen verſes of the Hämmerlin and

Church texts correspond. The laſt named is founded on the Roman Miſſal firſt publiſhed in 1567, under the sanction and after the reviſion of the Council of Trent. It forms the baſis of the present, as it does of moſt tranſlations.

A brief reference to some of the more important variations in the text, and an explanation of certain alluſions which occur therein, may not be unintereſting. The firſt line, *Dies iræ, dies illa*, plainly points to a paſſage of Scripture from the Vulgate,—Zephaniah I. 15. The whole verse reads thus: "DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA, dies tribulationis et anguſtiæ, dies calamitatis et miseriæ, dies tenebrarum et caliginis, dies nebulæ et turbinis, dies tubæ et clangoris." In the third line, the change of the Mantuan reading, "Petro" into "David," as it now ſtands, may have been due, it is conjectured, to a feeling that there was greater appropriateness in David's being aſſociated with the ante-Chriſtian Sibyl. From the averſion felt to the introduction of a heathen Sibyl into a Chriſtian and ſtill more a Church hymn, a Miſſal of the diocese of Metz, publiſhed in 1778, rejecting the third line, adopts, but without

the authority of a ſingle manuscript, another reading as follows :

> Dies iræ, dies illa,
> Crucis expandens vexilla,
> Solvet sæclum in favilla.

> Day of wrath, that day amazing,
> High the bannered cross upraiſing,
> While the universe is blazing.

The alluſion here is to the ſign of the coming of the Son of Man in heaven, mentioned in Matthew xxiv. 3 ; and is indicative of the belief, that the ſign there spoken of would have its fulfilment in the apparition of a cross in the ſky. But the older and the true reading is doubtless the other, which refers to the Sibyl as bearing concurrent teſtimony with the prophet of the Old or the New Teſtament, David or Peter, (Psalm xcvi. 13 ; xcvii. 3 ; xi. 6 ; 2 Peter iii. 7,) touching the deſtruction of the world and the final judgment. The 2d, 7th, and 8th books of the "Sibylline Oracles" are full of passages which refer to these, but it is probable that the reference here is more immediately to verſes ex-

tracted therefrom, found in Lactantius (Divin. Inſtitut. lib. vii. De Vita Beata, cap. 16–24). In the earlier ages of the Church, these pretended prophecies were regarded with no little veneration; wherefore it is by no means uncommon to find Chriſtian writers placing them ſide by ſide with Scriptural prophecies, and, as in the case before us, making solemn appeal to them. The discovery of their true character as worthless forgeries was reserved for a later period.

This poem, which, there is every reason to believe, was originally the inspiration of retirement, the solitary outpouring of

> "a suppliant heart all cruſhed
> And crumbled into contrite duſt,"—

to adopt the language of Craſhaw's verſion at the 17th verse,—came afterwards, when it had paſſed into Church use, to receive the title of SEQUENCE, from the place aſſigned to it in the service of the Mass for the Dead. The precise time when this occurred cannot be determined, but it muſt have been early, for Albizzi speaks of it as being in common use as a Sequence in 1385. For an explanation of this

term, the reader is referred to the Appendix at the end of this volume.

If the origin of the hymn be somewhat obscure, not so have been its subsequent fortunes. Through the long centuries that have elapsed ſince the time it firſt became known to the world, its extraordinary merits have been ſteadily recognized. Its light has been that of a ſtar, whose keen and diamond luſtre intermits not nor grows dim, but ſhines on the same from age to age. Its miſſion from the beginning has been one of power. To some, there is reason to believe, it has been "the power of God unto salvation." Scattered everywhere along its track are seen the luminous footprints of its victorious progress as the subduer of hearts. The greateſt minds have delighted to bear teſtimony to its worth. Goethe evinced his appreciation of it by introducing certain verses of it into his "Fauſt,"—with how grand an effect we all know. Boswell relates of Dr. Johnson, that, "when he would try to repeat the celebrated *Prosa Eccleſiaſtica pro Mortuis*, beginning: *Dies iræ, dies illa*, he could never pass the ſtanza ending thus: *Tantus labor non ſit caſſus*, without burſting into a flood of tears."

It is said that Ancina, a Profeſſor of Medicine in the Univerſity of Turin, was so ſtrongly affected by hearing one day the Dies Iræ chanted in the service for the dead, that he determined to abandon the world. He afterwards became Biſhop of Saluzzo. Milman, in his "Hiſtory of Chriſtianity," speaking of the Latin poetry of the Chriſtian Church, remarks: "There is nothing, in my judgment, to be compared with the monkiſh *Dies iræ, dies illa.*" To these names might be added those of many other eminent scholars and critics, all bearing like teſtimony. But the crowning proof of its unrivalled excellence is found in the fact, that, mingled with the ſighs and gaspings of diſſolving Nature, the measured beat of its melodious rhythm has been so often heard; now, it may be, in the soft murmur of words half audible, and now in the clear tones of a diſtinct utterance, iſſuing from the pale and trembling lips of the dying. The Earl of Roscommon, we are told, repeated with great energy and devotion, in the moment when he expired, two lines of his own tranſlation of the 17th verse:—

> "My God, my Father, and my Friend,
> Do not forsake me in my end!"

Sir Walter Scott evinced his regard for it in the same affecting manner, during his laſt hours: "We very often," says his biographer, "heard diſtinctly the cadence of the Dies Iræ."

It is certainly somewhat remarkable, that, while thus solemnly aſſociated with the dying moments of these two illuſtrious maſters of song, who had likewise employed their pens in the taſk of rendering it into Engliſh, it ſhould have had a connection not diſſimilar with the death of that great composer by whose means this immortal poem has come to be worthily wedded to immortal muſic. It is well known that Mozart's Requiem is founded on it. This, his greateſt work, perhaps, was deſtined also to be his laſt, of which, it is said, he had a solemn presentiment. His death occurred before it was entirely finiſhed. Beſides Mozart, other diſtinguiſhed composers, such as Cherubini, Haydn, Jomelli, Paläſtrina, and Pergoleſi, have exercised their genius upon the same theme and the same text.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE HYMN.

THE number of tranſlations made of this hymn into different languages it were not easy to eſtimate. Those in German are particularly numerous. In a work dedicated to these, edited by Dr. F. G. Lisco, (Berlin, 1840,) as many as seventy verſions, more or less complete, are given; the number being further increased three years afterwards by the addition of seventeen others, appended to a volume of tranſlations, by the same editor, of the Stabat Mater.*

* For the loan of both the above works the writer is indebted to the Rev. William R. Williams, D. D., who, in a Note, afterwards somewhat enlarged and thrown into an Appendix, affixed to an Address on the "Conservative Principle of our Literature," firſt publiſhed in 1843, and subsequently included in his volume of "Miscellanies," has, with his usual

There is one in French, one in Romaic or Modern Greek, one in Dutch, and one in Latin, all the reſt being German. In nearly every case, pains have been taken to preserve the exact measure and form of the original. The superior flexibility of the German, and its greater supply of words adapted for double rhyme, give tranſlators in that language a decided advantage. The difficulty involved in triplicating the double rhymes, owing to the poverty of our language in words suitable for the purpose, without practiſing awkward and inelegant inverſions, is probably the reason why English tranſlators, even where they have been careful to retain the triplet form of the ſtanza, have failed to preserve the rhyming close.

Craſhaw's, one of the oldeſt and nobleſt of the English tranſlations, and which in the opinion of an eminent critic was not surpaſſed by anything he ever wrote, is done in quatrains, or ſingle rhymed couplets

eloquence and exhauſtive learning, given a very full and inſtructive account of this hymn and its tranſlations; adding in the later editions a verſion of his own, one of the first made in ternary double rhyme.

repeated; and, on account of the freeness of the rendering, might more properly be called a reproduction than a tranſlation. The Earl of Roscommon, celebrated in Dryden's verse as the greateſt poet of his time, was the author of a verſion praised by Pope as the beſt of his poetical performances; although he is conſidered as having borrowed both from Craſhaw and Dryden. It is in triplets like the original, but without double rhyme, and the verse is iambic inſtead of trochaic.

The few verſes introduced by Sir Walter Scott into the "Lay of the Laſt Minſtrel," and which have found their way into almoſt all the more recent Collections of Hymns used in our Churches, though spirited and impreſſive, can scarcely be called a translation, being little more than an echo of one or two of the leading sentiments of the Latin original. Another familiar hymn, contained in moſt Hymn books, commencing,

"Lo! He comes in clouds descending,"

purports to be a tranſlation of the Dies Iræ; but in respect neither to form nor spirit does it corre-

ſpond very accurately to the original. Although there are other verſions of more or less merit, some made by our own scholars, a further enumeration might be tedious. "It is not wonderful," as Trench remarks, "that a poem such as this ſhould have continually allured and continually defied tranſlators."

The Author of the Tranſlations here publiſhed scarcely knows how to ſhield himself from the imputation of presumption to which his attempt exposes him. The number of his verſions is Thirteen. The first ſix have the somewhat rare merit, so far at leaſt as Engliſh verſions are concerned, of being metrically conformed, both as it respects rhyme and rhythm, to the original. The five succeeding ones are like in rhythm, but vary from the original in not preserving the double rhyme. The one which follows is in iambic triplets, like Roscommon's; and the laſt in quatrains, after the manner of Craſhaw's verſion.

It has been the aim of the Tranſlator to be in all caſes as faithful as poſſible to the senſe and spirit of the original, and likewise to the letter, but not so ſlaviſhly as to preclude variety. He has en-

deavored to carry out likeness in unlikeness, and to give to each verſion, so far as practicable, the intereſt of a diſtinct poem. How far he has succeeded others muſt judge. The preservation of the double rhyme involved some special difficulties, which he has overcome as well as he could; but he would not be surprised if some readers preferred the eaſier metres, and indulges the hope that the multiplication of verſions may serve, among other things, to meet this diverſity of taſte. But there are some, if he mistakes not, who enjoy those pleasing surprises in viewing an object, that result from an altered attitude and a new angle of vision,—the curious changes which follow every fresh turn of a revolving kaleidoscope,—and the writer is willing therefore to believe that such, at any rate, will not be displeased at this attempt to supply the deficiency of one verſion by another and yet another, in the hope that thereby the original may be exhibited, approximately at least, in its solid entireness.

Young, in his "Eſſay on Lyric Poetry," aſſerts that difficulty overcome gives grace and pleasure, and he accounts for the pleasure of rhyme in general

upon this principle. Having failed in his own case to afford an exemplification of great success in this particular, his critic and biographer, Johnson, somewhat sarcaſtically remarks: "But then the writer muſt take care that the difficulty is overcome; that is, he muſt make rhyme conſiſt with as perfect ſenſe and expreſſion as would be expected, if he were perfectly free from that ſhackle." Hence, the greater the difficulties to be surmounted, the greater is the need of elaboration, until art conceals art.

The present Tranſlator, recognizing fully the propriety of the rule here ſtated, does not feel that he has any right to plead the arduousness of his taſk, as an excuse for any inſtances, if such there be, of forced and unnatural conſtruction, resorted to in order to meet the exigencies of rhyme or metre. What is called poetic license is, he is aware, a license of power and grace, and not of weakness and deformity, being tantamount to a license to dance or ſing, in place of ordinary walking or speaking. Poetic chains, undoubtedly, were meant not to confine and cripple, but to regulate movement in conformity with settled laws; the object being, not to puniſh

speech, but to exalt and honor it,—to grace language, not disgrace it.

To preserve, in connection with the utmost fidelity and ſtrictness of rendering, all the rhythmic merits of the Latin original,—to attain to a vital likeness as well as to an exact literalness, at the same time that nothing is sacrificed of its muſical sonorousness and billowy grandeur, easy and graceful in its swing as the ocean on its bed,—to make the verbal copy, otherwise cold and dead, glow with the fire of lyric passion,—to reflect, and that too by means of a ſingle verſion, the manifold aspects of the many-sided original, exhauſting at once its wonderful fulness and pregnancy,—to cause the white light of the primitive so to pass through the medium of another language as that it ſhall undergo no refraction whatever,—would be deſirable, certainly, were it practicable; but so much as this it were unreasonable to expect in any tranſlation.

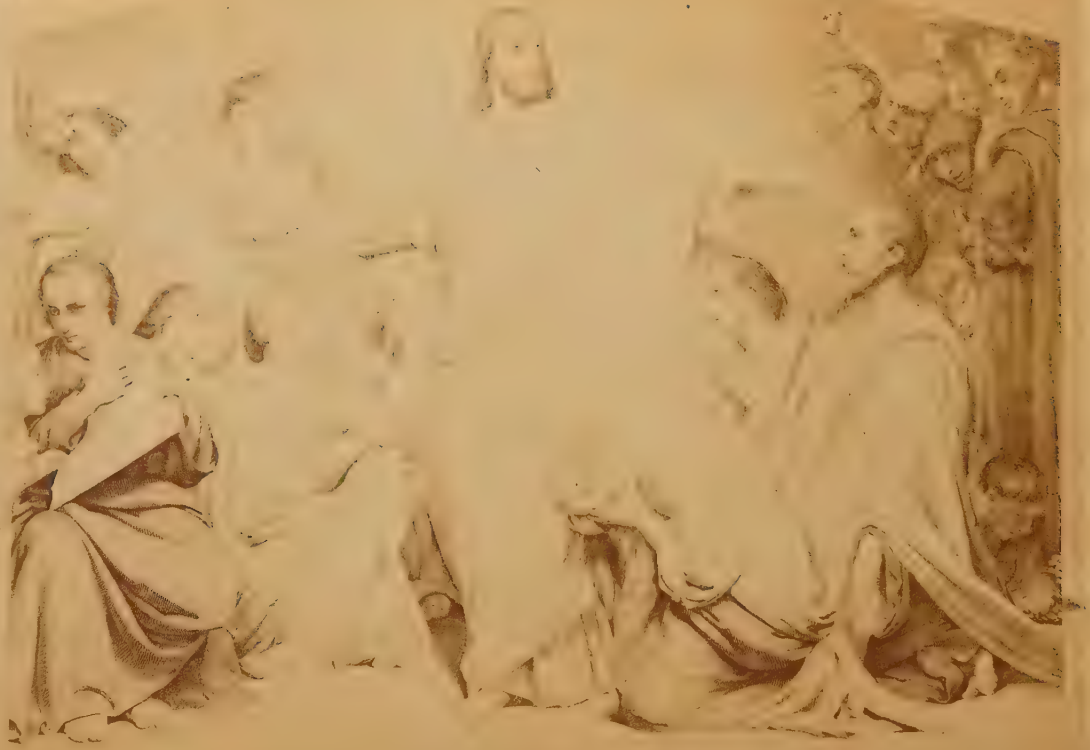
All the verſions here given were written and nearly ready for the press more than two years ago; but, influenced partly by a senſe of their imperfectness, and partly by a doubt as to the reception that a book

exclufively devoted to a fingle hymn might meet with from the public, the Translator has delayed their appearance until now, when, encouraged by the favorable opinion expreffed by some, whose names, were it proper to give them, would be regarded, he doubts not, as an apology for his boldness, he ventures the experiment of publication. He does not deny that the amount of public favor that has been already accorded to two of the verfions, viz., those marked I. and II., which firft appeared in the "Newark Daily Advertiser" several years fince, the firft as long ago as 1847, has had something to do with overcoming his diftruft.

It may not be improper to ftate, that two verses of the firft tranflation were introduced into Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and by these accidental means have enjoyed a world-wide currency. More recently this verfion has been honored with a place in the "Plymouth Collection of Hymns and Tunes," edited by Henry Ward Beecher, and set to mufic. It was, so far as the Tranflator knows, the firft attempt, with a fingle exception, to reproduce in English the ternary double rhyme of the original.

ET STATUET OVES QUIDEM
A DEXTRIS SUIS

HÆDOS AUTEM A SINISTRIS.
ST. MATH. CH. XXV.



DE NOVISSIMO JUDICIO.

DIES iræ, dies illa
Solvet sæclum in favillâ,
Teſte David cum Sibyllâ.

Quantus tremor eſt futurus,
Quando Judex eſt venturus,
Cuncta ſtrictè discuſſurus!

Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors ſtupebit et natura,
Quum resurget creatura
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
De quo mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo quum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quod sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Quum vix juſtus ſit securus?

Rex tremendæ majeſtatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,
Ne me perdas illâ die!

Quærens me sediſti laſſus,
Redemiſti crucem paſſus:
Tantus labor non ſit caſſus!

Juſte Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remiſſionis
Ante diem rationis!

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpâ rubet vultus meus:
Supplicanti parce, Deus!

Qui Mariam absolviſti,
Et latronem exaudiſti,
Mihi quoque spem dediſti.

Præces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed tu bonus fac benignè
Ne perenni cremer igne!

Inter oves locum præſta,
Et ab hædis me sequeſtra,
Statuens in parte dextrâ!

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis!

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis:
Gere curam mei finis!

Lachrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favillâ,
Judicandus homo reus:
Huic ergo parce, Deus!

I.

DAY of wrath, that day of burning,
Seer and Sibyl speak concerning,
All the world to aſhes turning.

Oh, what fear ſhall it engender,
When the Judge ſhall come in splendor,
Strict to mark and juſt to render!

Trumpet, scattering sounds of wonder,
Rending sepulchres asunder,
Shall resiſtless summons thunder.

All aghaſt then Death ſhall ſhiver,
And great Nature's frame ſhall quiver,
When the graves their dead deliver.

Book, where actions are recorded,
All the ages have afforded,
Shall be brought and dooms awarded.

When ſhall ſit the Judge unerring,
He'll unfold all here occurring,
No juſt vengeance then deferring.

What ſhall *I* say, that time pending?
Ask what advocate's befriending,
When the juſt man needs defending?

King almighty and all-knowing,
Grace to ſinners freely ſhowing,
Save me, Fount of Good o'erflowing!

Think, O Jesus, for what reason
Thou didſt bear earth's spite and treason,
Nor me lose in that dread season!

Seeking me Thy worn feet haſted,
On the cross Thy soul death taſted:
Let such travail not be waſted!

Righteous Judge of retribution!
Make me gift of absolution
Ere that day of execution!

Culprit-like, I plead, heart-broken,
On my cheek ſhame's crimson token:
Let the pardoning word be spoken!

Thou, who Mary gav'ſt remiſſion,
Heard'ſt the dying Thief's petition,
Cheer'ſt with hope my loſt condition.

Though my prayers be void of merit,
What is needful, Thou confer it,
Leſt I endless fire inherit!

Be there, Lord, my place decided
With Thy ſheep, from goats divided,
Kindly to Thy right hand guided!

When th' accursed away are driven,
To eternal burnings given,
Call me with the blessed to heaven!

I beseech Thee, proſtrate lying,
Heart as aſhes, contrite, ſighing,
Care for me when I am dying!

Day of tears and late repentance,
Man ſhall rise to hear his sentence:
Him, the child of guilt and error,
Spare, Lord, in that hour of terror!

II.

DAY ſhall dawn that has no morrow,
Day of vengeance, day of sorrow,
As from Prophecy we borrow.

It ſhall burn, that day of trouble,
As a furnace heated double,
And the wicked ſhall be ſtubble.

O, what trembling, when the rifted
Skies ſhall ſhow the Judge uplifted,
And all ſtrictly ſhall be ſifted!

Trump ſhall sound a blaſt appalling,
On the grave's deep ſtillness falling,
Small and great before Him calling.

Death with fear ſhall be o'ertaken,
Nature to her base be ſhaken,
When the ſleeping dead ſhall waken.

Volume ſhall be brought, whose pages
Regiſter the deeds of ages,
Whence the world ſhall have juſt wages.

When that Court ſhall hold its seſſion,
Every mouth ſhall make confeſſion,
Left unpuniſhed no transgreſſion.

How, alas! in that dread season,
Shall I answer for my treason,
When the righteous fear with reason?

Awful King, who nothing craveſt,
Since Thyself full ransom gaveſt,
Save Thou me, who freely saveſt!

Me, for whom, with love so tender,
Thou didſt leave Thy throne of splendor,
Jesus, do not then surrender!

Wearily for me Thou toiledſt,
Diedſt for me and Satan spoiledſt:
Let not triumph whom Thou foiledſt!

Thou, whose frown will be damnation,
Grant me earneſt of salvation,
Ere that day of consummation!

Culprit-like, I, self-convicted,
Bluſhing, proſtrate, and afflicted,
Kneel for mercy unreſtricted.

Thou, who Mary's faith rewardedſt,
Pardon to the Thief accordedſt,
Me, too, trembling hope affordedſt.

Poor my prayers, but give ensample
Of Thy goodness rich and ample,
Leſt insulted Juſtice trample!

With Thy chosen flock unspotted,
Severed from the herd besotted,
Be my place that day allotted!

When the damned Thy curse dismiſſes
Down to fiëry abyſſes,
Call me near and seal with kiſſes!

Care for me as one who feareth,
One who haſteth when he heareth,
When my solemn exit neareth!

When the light of that day flaſhes,
And man rises from his aſhes
At Thy bar account to render,
Spare then, Lord, the pale offender!

III.

THAT day, that day of anger,
Conflagration, craſh and clangor,
Swooning horror, mortal languor!

Guilty wretches, vainly fleeing
From that flaming Eye, whose seeing
Searches all the depths of being.

Wakened by that Trump of Wonder,
Answering Earthquakes, roaring under,
Heave and split the ground asunder;

And the buried generations,
People of all times and nations,
Live again and take their ſtations,

Each immortal pale offender,
Round the Great White Throne of Splendor,
Strict account to God to render;

Who, unmocked and unmiſtaken,
Shall pronounce the doom unſhaken,
And long ſlumbering vengeance waken.

What if weighed and found deficient?
Standing at Thy bar omniscient,
Who hath righteousness sufficient?

King of Holiness unspotted,
By Thy merit me allotted
Let my guilt be freely blotted!

Me, for whom Thou ſhame didſt borrow,
Trod'ſt the paths of earthly sorrow,
Lose not on that dreadful morrow!

Seeking me Thou weary sankeſt,
All my cup of trembling drankeſt,
Filled with reddeſt wrath and rankeſt.

Must I ſink yet to perdition?
God of Vengeance, grant remiſſion,
Ere that Day of Inquiſition!

Filled with ſhame and conſternation,
Lifting hands of supplication,
Spare me, God of my Salvation!

Let such grace be manifeſted,
As on weeping Mary reſted,
As was towards the Thief atteſted!

Though no worth in me discerning,
Spurn not, though I merit spurning:
Rescue me from endless burning!

Fold me, when Thou place aſſigneſt,
When Thou characters defineſt,
With Thy ſheep through grace divineſt!

When Thy curse from Thee ſhall sever,
Kindling hells, extinguiſhed never,
Join me to Thyself forever!

From the aſhes of contrition,
From the depths I make petition:
Grant my soul a safe dismiſſion!

When that day ſhall snare th' unwary,
And ſhall guilty man unbury,
Spare him then, Dread Adversary!

IV.

DAY of Prophecy! it flaſhes,
Falling spheres together daſhes,
And the world consumes to aſhes.

O, what fear of wrath impending,
When the Judge is seen descending,
Inquiſition ſtrict intending!

God's awakening Trump ſhall scatter
Summons through the world of matter,
And the Throne of Death ſhall ſhatter.

What amazement, when forgotten
Generations, dead and rotten,
Suddenly are rebegotten!

Book and Record universal
Shall be opened for rehearsal,
Whence the doom without reversal.

When by that dread Judge inspected,
Nothing ſhall pass undetected,
Unavenged nor uncorrected.

How ſhall I, a wretch unſtable,
Bide that hour inevitable,
When the juſt man scarce is able?

Dreadful King, from Thee, the Giver,
Flows salvation like a river:
Fount of Mercy, me deliver!

Thou, who, touched with my condition,
Sought to save me from perdition,
Be Thou mindful of Thy miſſion!

Let Thy death for my offences,
Horror of Thy soul and senses,
Be not void of consequences!

Blot my ſins, ere that reviſion,
Day of ultimate deciſion,
When Thy foes are in deriſion!

From my eyes repentance guſhes,
O'er my cheeks spread crimson bluſhes:
Spare the worm Thy terror cruſhes!

Thou, who wert of old moſt gracious
Ev'n to ſinners moſt audacious,
Is Thy mercy now less spacious?

Worthless all the prayers I offer:
Grace muſt seal what grace doth proffer,
Else I periſh with the scoffer.

When Thou makeſt separation,
With Thy sheep aſſign my ſtation,
Saints of every age and nation!

When the malison eternal
Baniſhes to fires infernal,
Bid me enter realms supernal!

Thou, who doſt, with care unſleeping,
Keep that truſted to Thy keeping,
Save my eyes from endless weeping!

Day of tears, consuming, cruel,
With a burning world for fuel,
Man ſhall rise from glowing embers,
Made complete in all his members:
Ah! what plea will then be valid,
When the ſinner, trembling, pallid,
Waits to hear his sentence given?
Spare him then, O God of Heaven!

V.

DAY of vengeance, end of scorning,
World in aſhes, world in mourning,
Whereof Prophets utter warning!

O, what trembling, when the falling
Rocks and mountains hear men calling,
"Hide me from that face appalling!"

Freezing fear the blood will thicken,
Death and Hell be horror-ſtricken,
When the myſtic Trump ſhall quicken

All the buried duſt of ages,—
Monarchs, chieftains, ſtatesmen, sages,
Actors on unnumbered ſtages,—

Summoned to the dread recital
Of that Record ſtrict and vital,
Basis of a juſt requital,—

In that terrible ordeal,
Tried by ſtandards not ideal,
But infallible and real.

'Mid the horror and confuſion
Of that sorrowful concluſion
Of each miserable deluſion,

Whither, ah! ſhall I betake me?
Thou, O King, whose terrors ſhake me,
Of Thy grace a trophy make me!

Jesus! by Thine incarnation,
By Thy miſſion of salvation,
Then avert juſt condemnation!

By Thy pity, love unfailing,
By the cross's bitter nailing,
Let not all be unavailing!

Thou, whose right hand grasps the thunder,
Grant me timely refuge under
Wings of majeſty and wonder!

Spare a culprit, groans faſt heaving,
Self-convicted, bluſhing, grieving,
In Thy power and grace believing.

Since Thy nature doth not vary,
Thou, who heard'ſt the Thief and Mary,
My transgreſſions blot and bury!

Worthless works behind me caſting—
Grace muſt save, not prayer nor faſting,
From the fire that's everlaſting.

Making final segregation,
With Thy chosen fix my ſtation
In the ſheep-fold of salvation!

When Thy curse the wicked chases,
With the bleſt in heavenly places
Call me to Thy dear embraces!

Care for me, whom guilt abaſhes,
Proſtrate, contrite, heart as aſhes,
When that day of terror flaſhes!

Day of weeping and of wailing,
Human hearts and fates unveiling:
Then, when Time ſhall be no longer,
And the ſtrong yields to the Stronger,
Death and Hell their dead surrender,
And the Sea its own ſhall tender,
Multitudinous, unbounded
Generations rise aſtounded,
Each to answer for his ſinning,
He who lived at the beginning,
He who when the world is hoary,—
Spare, O, spare, Thou God of Glory!

VI.

DAY of wrath and conſternation,
Day of fiery consummation,
Propheſied in Revelation!

O, what horror on all faces,
When the coming Judge each traces,
Flaming, dreadful, in all places!

Trump ſhall sound, and every ſingle
Mortal slumberer's ears ſhall tingle,
And the dead ſhall rise and mingle:

All of every tribe and nation,
That have lived ſince the creation,
Answering that dread citation.

Volume, from which nothing's blotted,
Evil done nor evil plotted,
Shall be brought and dooms allotted.

Judge, who ſits at that aſſizes,
Shall, deceived by no disguises,
Try each work that man devises.

Who can ſtand when He appeareth?
Plead or answer when He heareth?
Or so righteous but then feareth?

Awful Monarch of Creation!
Saving without compensation,
Save me, Fountain of Salvation!

Lose me not then, Jeſus, seeing
I am Thine by gift of being,
Doubly Thine by price of freeing!

Thou, the Lord of Life and Glory,
Hung'ſt a victim gaſhed and gory:
Let not all be nugatory!

Pardon, Thou whose vengeance smiteth,
But whom mercy moſt delighteth,
Ere that reck'ning day affrighteth!

As a culprit, ſtand I groaning,
Bluſhing, my demerit owning:
Sprinkle me with blood atoning!

Thou, who Mary's sins remittedſt,
And the softened Thief acquittedſt,
Likewise hope to me permittedſt.

Weak these prayers Thy throne aſſailing;
But let grace, o'er guilt prevailing,
Save me from eternal wailing!

While the goats afar are driven,
'Mid Thy ſheep me place be given,
Blood-waſhed favorites of Heaven!

While "Depart!" ſhall doom and gather
Those to flame, address me rather:
"Come thou bleſſed of my Father!"

In my final hour, when faileth
Heart and fleſh, and my cheek paleth,
Grant that succor which availeth!

Day unutterably solemn:
Crypt and pyramid and column,
Iſle and continent and ocean,
Rocking with a fearful motion,
Shall give up, a countless number
Starting from their long, long ſlumber,
Horror ſtamping every feature,
While is judged each ſinful creature,
End of pending controversy:
Spare Thou then, O God of Mercy!

VII.

DAY of wrath, that day of days,
Present to my thought always,
When the world ſhall burn and
blaze!

O, what trembling, O, what fear,
When th' Omniscient Judge draws near,
Scanning all with eyes severe!

When the Trump of God ſhall sound
Through the vague and vaſt profound
Of the regions under ground;

And th' innumerable dead,
Answering to that summons dread,
Shall forsake their duſty bed;

And that Book of ancient date
Shall be opened, whereon wait
Mighty iſſues big with fate;

And each secret thing ſhall lie
Thenceforth bare to every eye,
Nought unpuniſhed or paſſed by.

Ah, me! what ſhall I then plead,
Who for me then intercede,
When the juſt of help have need?

Thou, who doſt, O Heavenly King,
Free forgiveness freely bring,
Let me drink of Mercy's Spring!

Thou didſt empty and exhauſt
Heaven for me: when such the coſt,
Jesus, let me not be loſt!

Wearily Thou soughteſt me,
Bought'ſt me on th' accurséd tree:
Let it not all fruitless be!

Righteous Judge, who wilt repay,
Grant me pardon, ere that day
Of deciſion and dismay!

I, a ſinful man and base,
Bluſhing, groaning o'er my case,
Seek and supplicate Thy grace.

Thou, who heardeſt Mary's ſighs,
Thou, who openedſt Paradise
To the Thief, regard my cries!

Worthless are my prayers and worse,
But, good Lord, be not adverse,
Leſt I ſink beneath the curse!

Set me, when at Thy command
All mankind divided ſtand,
With the ſheep at Thy right hand!

When th' insufferable doom
Shall the reprobate consume,
With Thy chosen give me room!

In the solemn hour of death,
When the earthly vaniſheth,
O, receive my parting breath!

Ah! that day made up of tears,
When from aſhes reappears
Th' Adam of ſix thousand years,—

Who, by its red glare and gleam,
Sees, as in an awful dream,
Juſtice lift her trembling beam,—

Conscious on that hinge of fate
All things hang and heſitate:
Spare then, Lord, if not too late!

VIII.

THAT dreadful day, my soul!
Which the ages ſhall unroll,
When the knell of Time ſhall
toll!

O, the terror and the ſhame,
When the Judge with eyes of flame
Shall make piercing search of blame!

At the Trumpet's sudden ſhock,
Doors of Hades ſhall unlock,
And the summoned dead ſhall flock,

Gathered round the Great White Throne,
Each to answer and make known,
While amazement turns to ſtone:

Then the Record ſhall be spread
Which recites all done and said
By the living and the dead.

Every idle word and thought,
Every work in secret wrought,
Into Judgment ſhall be brought.

Scarce the juſt man's case is sure,
Scarce the heavens themselves are pure:
Ah! how then ſhall I endure?

Dreadful Potentate and high,
Who doſt freely juſtify,
Fount of Grace, my need supply!

Jeſus, mind the kind intent
Of Thy weary baniſhment,
And my ruin then prevent!

Let Thy paſſion and Thy pain,
All Thou sufferedſt me to gain,
Be not barren and in vain!

Righteous Arbiter of fate!
Life and death upon Thee wait,
Pardon, ere it be too late!

Spare me, vileſt of the race,
Guilty, infamous and base,
Bluſhing mendicant of grace!

Though of ſinners I be chief,
Hear me, Thou who heard'ſt the Thief,
Driedſt the fount of Mary's grief!

All my prayers are guilty breath,
And the beſt nought meriteth:
But in mercy save from death!

When, disposed on either hand,
All mankind before Thee ſtand,
Set me with Thy chosen band!

When, O, terrible to tell!
Yawns inevitable Hell,
With the bleſſed bid me dwell!

When I reach the awful goal,
And Death's billows o'er me roll,
Care for my undying soul!

Day of weeping and surprise,
Opening tombs and opening eyes,
Rocking earth and burning ſkies!

Day of universal dread,
When the quick and quickened dead
Shall have solemn sentence said!

Then, O, then, when in despair,
Man ſhall speak or ſhriek the prayer,
"Spare me!" God of Mercy, spare!

IX.

DAY foretold, that day of ire,
Burden erſt of David's lyre,
When the world ſhall ſink in fire!

O, what horror and amaze,
When at once on mortal gaze
All the Judge's pomp ſhall blaze!

When the Trumpet's myſtic blaſt,
To the world's four corners caſt,
Disentombs the buried Paſt;

And from all the heaving sod,
From each foot of trampled clod,
Starts a multitude to God;

And that Volume is unrolled
Wherein are minutely told
All men's doings from of old;

While, from what is there contained,
Shall be judged a world arraigned,
And eternal fates ordained :

What defence can I then make,
To what Patron me betake,
When the righteous fear and quake ?

King, who doſt all power poſſess,
Free Thy grace and limitless,
Save me, Fount of Bleſſedness !

Jeſus, Maſter, Thou doſt know
I Thy miſſion caused below,
All Thy weariness and woe !

Let Thy blood, that drenched the hilt
Of that sword unſheathed for guilt,
Be not vainly ſhed and spilt !

O my Judge, forgive, forget !
Cancel my tremendous debt,
Ere the sun of grace ſhall set !

Filled with ſhame I hang my head,
Bluſhes deep my face o'erspread:
Stay Thy lightnings fierce and red!

Thou canſt darkeſt ſtains efface;
Haſt made monuments of grace
Of the vileſt of the race.

My poor prayers please not repel!
Grace and goodness with Thee dwell:
Snatch me from the flames of Hell!

When Thou ſhalt discriminate,
Sheep from goats ſhalt separate,
Let me on Thy right hand wait!

When Thy sentence, smiting dumb,
Down to Hell ſhall baniſh some,
With the bleſſed bid me come!

To Thy care, O Kind as Juſt!
Heart all penitential duſt,
I my end commit and truſt!

Floods of tears that day ſhall pour;
Man ſhall wake to ſleep no more;
Guilty, horribly afraid:
Spare him, Lord, whom Thou haſt made!

X.

LO! it comes, with ſtealthy feet,
Day, the ages ſhall complete,
When the world ſhall melt with heat!

O, what trembling ſhall there be,
When all eyes the Judge ſhall see,
Come to ſift iniquity!

Trump ſhall syllable command,
And the dead of sea and land
All before the Throne ſhall ſtand.

Death ſhall ſhudder, Nature too,
When the creature lives anew,
Called to render answer true.

Volume, that omitteth nought
Man e'er said or did or thought,
Shall for sentence then be brought.

When ſhall ſit the Judge severe,
All that's dark ſhall be made clear,
Nothing unavenged appear.

What, alas! ſhall I then say,
To what Interceſſor pray,
When the juſt ſhrink with dismay?

Awful King, ſince all is free,
Without merit, without fee,
Fount of Mercy, save Thou me!

Mind, O Jesus, Friend ſincere,
How I caused Thy advent here,
Nor me lose who coſt so dear!

Straying, I by Thee was sought,
On the cross with blood was bought:
Let it not be all for nought!

Righteous Judge! Avenging Lord!
Full remiſſion me afford,
Ere that final day's award!

Groan I, like a culprit base,
Conscious guilt inflames my face:
Spare the suppliant, God of Grace!

Thou, who erſt didſt Mary clear,
And the dying Thief didſt hear,
Hope haſt given me to cheer.

Though my prayers create no claim,
Be propitious, Lord, the same,
Leſt I burn in endless flame!

Place among Thy ſheep provide,
From the goats me sunder wide,
Standing safe at Thy right ſide!

While "Depart!" to foes addreſſed
Baniſheth to woes unguesſed,
Call me near Thee with the bleſſed!

Contrite pangs my bosom tear,
Heart as aſhes: hear my prayer,
Let my end be not despair!

On that day of grief and dread,
When man, riſing from the dead,
Shall eternal juſtice face,
Spare the ſinner, God of Grace!

XI.

DAY of wrath, that day of dole,
When a fire ſhall wrap the whole,
And the earth be burnt to coal!

O, what horror, smiting dumb
When the Judge of all ſhall come,
Sinful deeds to search and sum!

Trump's reverberating roar
Through the sepulchres ſhall pour,
Citing all the Throne before.

Death and Nature ſtand aghaſt,
While the dead in numbers vaſt
Rise to answer for the paſt.

Volume, writ by God's own pen,
Chronicling the deeds of men,
Shall be brought, and dooms be then.

When the Judge ſhall sit, behold!
What is secret He'll unfold,
No juſt puniſhment withhold.

Ah! what plea ſhall I prepare,
To what Patron make my prayer,
When the juſt well-nigh despair?

King, majeſtic beyond thought,
Whose free grace cannot be bought,
Save me, whose desert is nought!

O, remember, Jeſus, I
Was the cause and reason why
Thou didſt come on earth to die!

Me Thou sought'ſt with weary feet,
And my ransom didſt complete:
Let such pity nought defeat!

Judge, inflexible and ſtrict,
Pardon, ere that day convict
And th' unchanging doom inflict!

Like a criminal I sigh,
Blushing, penitently cry:
Pass, Lord, my offences by!

Thou, who Mary erst did'st bless,
Heard'st the Thief in his distress,
Hope hast given me no less.

Worthless are my prayers and vain,
But in love do not disdain,
Lest I reap eternal pain!

On Thy right hand grant me place
'Mid the sheep, a chosen race,—
Far from goats devoid of grace!

When the thunder of Thine ire
Headlong hurls to quenchless fire,
Let Thy welcome me inspire!

I entreat Thee, bending low,
Heart as ashes, full of woe,
Succor in my end bestow!

When upon that day of tears
Man from duſt again appears,
Fate depending on Thy nod:
Spare the ſinner then, O God!

XII.

DAY of wrath! O day of fate!
Day foreordained and ultimate,
When all things here ſhall terminate!

What numbers horribly afraid,
When comes the Judge, in fear arrayed,
To try the creatures He hath made!

The blare of Trumpet, pealing clear,
Shall through the sepulchres career,
And wake the dead, and bring them near.

Aſtoniſhed Nature then ſhall quail,
What time the yawning graves unveil,
And man comes forth, amazed and pale,

To answer: The o'erwritten scroll
Shall charge and certify the whole,
Whence ſhall be judged each human soul.

The Judge enthroned ſhall bring to light
Whate'er is hid, in open ſight
Avenge and vindicate the right.

Ah! with what plea ſhall I then come,
When, terror-locked, each sense is numb,
And even righteous lips are dumb?

O King immortal and supreme,
Whose fear is great, whose grace extreme,
Make me to drink of Mercy's ſtream!

Remember, Jeſus, Thou didſt make
Thyself incarnate for my sake,
Leſt Hell insatiate claim and take!

Thou soughteſt me when far aſtray,
Didſt on the cross my ransom pay:
Let not such love be thrown away!

Juſt Judge, of purity intense,
Remit my infinite offence,
Before that day of recompense!

Like one convinced of heinous deed,
I groan, I weep, I blush, I plead:
Lord, spare me in that hour of need!

Thou, who wert moved by Mary's tears,
Absolved the Robber from his fears,
Hast given me hope in former years.

My prayers are worthless well I know;
But, good, do Thou Thy goodness show,
And save me from impending woe!

Number and place me 'mong Thy own,
Beneath the shelter of Thy Throne,
Until Thy wrath be overblown!

When that the almighty word shall leap
From out Thy Throne, Thy foes to sweep,
My soul in perfect safety keep!

In prostrate worship, I implore,
With heart all penitent and sore:
Then care for me when life is o'er!

Ah! on that day of grief and dread,
And resurrection of the dead,
Of trial and of juſt award,
In wrath remember mercy, Lord!

XIII.

THAT day, that awful day, the laſt,
Result and sum of all the Paſt,
Great neceſſary day of doom,
When wrecking fires ſhall all consume!

What dreadful ſhrieks the air ſhall rend,
When all ſhall see the Judge descend,
And hear th' Archangel's echoing ſhout
From heavenly spaces ringing out!

The Trump of God with quickening breath
Shall pierce the ſilent realms of Death,
And sound the summons in each ear:
"Arise! thy Maker calls! Appear!"

From eaſt to weſt, from south to north,
The earth ſhall travail and bring forth;

As desert's sands and ocean's waves
Shall be the sum of empty graves.

Th' unchanging Record of the Paſt
Shall then be read from firſt to laſt;
And out of things therein contained,
Shall all be judged and fates ordained.

No lying tongue, that truth diſtorts,
Shall witness in that Court of Courts;
Each secret thing ſhall be revealed,
And every righteous sentence sealed.

Ah! who can ſtand when He appears?
Confront the guilt of ſinful years?
What hope for me, a wretch depraved,
When scarce the righteous man is saved?

Dread Monarch of the Earth and Heaven!
For that salvation's great 'tis given;
And ſince the boon is wholly free,
O Fount of Pity, save Thou me!

Remember, Jeſus, how my case
Once moved Thy pity and Thy grace,
And brought Thee down on earth to ſtay:
O, lose me not, then, on that day!

I seek Thee, who didſt seek me firſt,
Weary and hungry and athirſt;
Didſt pay my ransom on the tree:
Let not such travail fruſtrate be!

Juſt Judge of vengeance in the end,
Now in the accepted time befriend!
My ſins, O, graciouſly remit,
Ere Thou judicially ſhalt ſit!

Low at Thy feet I groaning lie;
With bluſhing cheek, and weeping eye,
And ſtammering lips, I urge the prayer:
O spare me, God of Mercy, spare!

When Mary Thy forgiveness sought,
Wept, but articulated nought,

Thou didſt forgive; didſt hear the brief
Petition of the dying Thief.

On grace thus great my hope is built
That Thou wilt cancel, too, my guilt;
That, though my prayers are worthless breath,
Thou wilt deliver me from death.

When Thy dividing rod of might
Appointeth ſtations oppoſite,
Among Thy ſheep grant me to ſtand,
Far from the goats, at Thy right hand!

And when despair ſhall seize each heart
That hears the dreadful sound, "Depart!"
Be mine, the heavenly lot of some,
To hear that word of welcome, "Come!"

I come to Thee with trembling truſt,
And lay my forehead in the duſt;
In my laſt hour do Thou befriend,
And glorify Thee in my end!

APPENDIX.—SEQUENCE.

A STATEMENT of the order observed in the celebration of Mass will beſt explain the nature and import of this term, in its application by the Romiſh Church to a large body of hymns,—Daniel, in the 5th volume of his learned and laborious work, "Thesaurus Hymnologicus," citing no less than eight hundred, the laſt one given being a new Sequence, composed in honor of the Virgin in 1855, "Sequentia de Beata Maria Virgine ſine Labe Concepta, Virgo Virginum Præclara."

The diſpoſition of parts in the Mass is as follows, viz.: 1. THE INTROIT, which is the part sung or chanted when the prieſt *enters* within the rails of the altar. 2. THE COLLECT, or PRAYER. 3. READING OF THE EPISTLE, being, in the Mass for the Dead, 1 Cor. xv. 51–57, or Rev. xiv. 13. 4. THE GRADUAL, so called from its having been sung or chanted

formerly from the ſteps (*gradus*) of the altar, cloſing with the ALLELUIA. 5. THE TRACT, which is omitted when the Alleluia is sung; otherwise it is sung in the interval to prepare for the following. The primary meaning of the word (from *traho*, to protract or draw out) is adapted to suggeſt either the use here indicated, i. e. to fill up time, or else to express the ſlow, mournful movement which characterizes the chant. 6. THE SEQUENCE, being, in the Mass for the Dead, the DIES IRÆ. 7. READING OF THE GOSPEL, being, in the Mass for the Dead, John v. 25–29. 8. THE OFFERTORY, which is a ſhort sentence that varies. 9. THE SECRET, a brief prayer recited by the prieſt in a very low tone of voice. 10. COMMUNION, or the application of the Mass. 11. POST-COMMUNION.

The Sequence, it will be seen, occupies a poſition exactly midway, being juſt after the Gradual and Tract, and immediately before the Gospel. The Reading of the Gospel happening to be introduced by the words, "Sequentia Sancti Evangelii secundum ——," (The Continuation of the Holy Gospel according to ——,) some have supposed that the term Sequentia or Sequence was derived from this source. Michael Prætorius was of this opinion. But the

moſt approved authorities give the following explanation of its origin.

From an early period, it was the cuſtom of the Latin Church to ſing the Gradual with the Alleluia between the Epiſtle and the Gospel; the Gradual being completed, the Alleluia followed; and in order to give to the officiating prieſt or deacon sufficient time to prepare and ascend the ambon or pulpit, the choir repeated and continued the laſt syllable A through a series of notes. This *neuma*, as it was called, or muſical prolongation of a letter, was named SEQUENTIA, because it was sequent to and governed by the melody and rhythm of the Alleluia. At a later period, this paſſage of notes sung without text, conſtituting the original form of the Sequence, came to have words set thereto, thereby preparing the way for other changes; and forasmuch as the firſt eſſays of this kind were unmetrical in their ſtructure, the term *Prosa* or Prose was applied by way of diſtinction to this species of compoſition; of which Notker, surnamed the Stammerer, (Balbulus,) who died in 912, canonized in 1514, is conſidered to have been the originator. Gradually, rhyme, so much and so fondly cultivated in the Middle Ages, found its way into these also; and from the twelfth century

onward, Sequences became proper metrical songs, differing from other hymns only in this, that the ſtrophes, inſtead of four, were made to consist of three or ſix lines, according as they were double or ſingle. To this rule, however, there were some exceptions. The name of Prose, although not ſtrictly proper in its application to metrical compositions, continued to be used, nevertheless, as a general title for all Sequences; and so we find the Dies Iræ bearing the appellation in the Mass-books of "Prosa Eccleſiaſtica de Mortuis."

Deſigned in the firſt inſtance, as alleged by Notker, merely to aſſiſt the memory in retaining the long-drawn, caudal melodies of the Alleluia, the deſirableness of having other songs for the Mass than the Gloria in Excelſis, Kyrie, Credo, &c., songs eaſier in ſtructure, which could be joined in, not only by the choir, but also by the congregation,—perhaps, too, the wiſh to introduce greater variety into the service, and bring the ſinging into closer relation with the objects of particular Church feſtivals, which could be done more readily by these Sequences,—caused them to be multiplied greatly.

But the Roman ritual finally limited them to four, viz.: *Victimæ paschali laudis*, S. for Eaſter Sunday;

Veni Sancte Spiritus, S. for Whitsunday and St. Peter's Day; *Lauda Sion Salvatorem*, S. for Solemnity of Corpus Chriſti; and *Dies Iræ*, S. Mass for the Dead and All-Souls' Day; nevertheless, other Mass-books of dioceſes and monaſtic orders contain more Sequences. The Sequence firſt named has a different metre from the other three, being one of those rare caſes in which the characteriſtic triplet form of the ſtrophe is departed from. The second named, Veni Sancte Spiritus, which Trench speaks of as "the lovelieſt, though not the grandeſt, of all the hymns in the whole circle of Latin sacred poetry," contains ten ſtrophes of three lines each. Its author was Robert the Second, son of Hugh Capet, who ascended the throne of France in the year 997, and died in 1031. Like Henry the Sixth of England, of a meek and gentle diſpoſition, a lover of peace, he was ill suited to contend with the turbulent and reſtless spirits who surrounded him, whose delight was in war. The next Sequence has twelve double ſtrophes of ſix lines each. It is commonly attributed to the so-called Angelical Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas. The laſt, which is the Dies Iræ, grand and unapproachable in its excellence, comprises seventeen ſtrophes of three lines each, and one of four lines.

ORIGIN OF LATIN RHYME.

WHILE it is true that the Latin hymns written during the firſt centuries of the Chriſtian era are, speaking generally, characterized by the absence of rhyme, and that the prevalence of rhyme belongs peculiarly and almoſt excluſively to the period intervening between the pontificate of Gregory the Great and that of Leo X., it would be a great error to suppose that rhyme was then firſt introduced, or that it was borrowed, as some have surmised, from the Romance or Gothic languages. If we look for its origin, we ſhall find preludings and anticipations of it in every one of the Latin poets, not excepting the oldeſt. Examples of both middle and final rhyme occur in all. In the Introduction to Trench's "Sacred Latin

Poetry," where this whole subject is ably discuſſed, we have a collation of many of these. Witness the following. An ancient author, quoted by Cicero, (Tusc. l. 1. c. 28,) poſſibly Ennius, has this :—

Cœlum nitescere, arbores frondescere,
Vites lætificæ pampinis pubescere,
Rami baccarum ubertate incurvescere.

Of middle rhyme, we have in Ennius : —

Non cauponantes bellum, sed belligerantes ;

In Virgil : —

Limus ut hic durescit, et hæc ut cera liquescit ;

In Ovid : —

Quem mare carpentem, substrictaque crura gerentem ;

Where also is found this example of leonine pentameter : —

Quærebant flavos per nemus omne favos.

Of final rhyme, we have, in Virgil : —

Nec non Tarquinium ejectum Porsenna jubebat
Accipere, ingentique urbem obsidione premebat ;

Also : —

Omnis campis diffugit arator,
Omnis et agricola, et tutâ latet arce viator ;

In Horace : —

> Non satis est pulcra esse poëmata ; dulcia sunto,
> Et quocumque volent, animum auditoris agunto ;

Also : —

> Multa recedentes adimunt. Ne fortè seniles
> Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles.

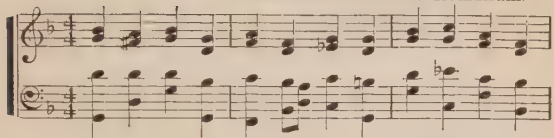
Lucan abounds in examples. Even the Latin prose-writers, it would seem, did not disdain now and then to play at rhyme, by putting rhyming words in juxtapoſition. Cicero has *florem et colorem ;* Pliny, *veram et meram ;* Plautus, *melle et felle ;* and so others.

Rhyme being thus shown to have been a thing known to the language from the earlieſt times, it may be thought surpriſing, that what at a later period was so highly prized, and so fondly and so laboriously cultivated, should have been, during so many centuries, to such an extent, neglected ; having been apparently ſhunned rather than sought for, particularly by those great maſters of poetry who illustrated the Auguſtan age. The fact is, that the ancient claſſic metres, though found occaſionally, as we have seen, toying with rhyme, never seriously

affected it; and it was not until the ſhackles imposed by these had been wholly ſhaken off, and a ſimpler and more natural verſification, based upon accent inſtead of quantity, had succeeded in eſtabliſhing its juſt claims over the Greek intruder, that the *régime* of rhyme fairly commenced.

Gregorian Chant.

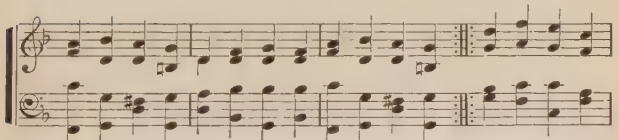
From the "Graduale Romanum."



1. Di - es i - ræ, di - es il - la Sol - vet sæ-clum
2. Quantus tre-mor est fu - tu - rus, Quan-do Ju - dex

7. Quod sum mi - ser tunc dic - tu - rus, Quem pa - tro-num
8. Rex tre - men-dæ ma - jes - ta - tis, Qui sal - van-dos

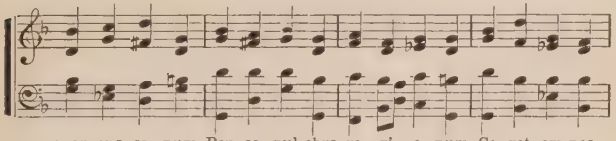
13. Qui Ma - ri - am ab - sol - vis - ti, Et la - tro-nem
14. Præ-ces me - æ non sunt dig - næ, Sed tu bo - nus



in ta - vil - lâ, Tes - te Da - vid cum Si - byl-lâ. 3. Tu - ba mi-rum
est ven- tu-rus, Cuncta stric-te dis - cus- su-rus. 4. Mors stu-pe-bit

ro - ga - tu-rus, Cum vix justus sit se - cu - rus? 9. Re - cor-da - re
sal-vas gra-tis, Sal - va me, fons pi - e - ta - tis! 10. Quærens me se -

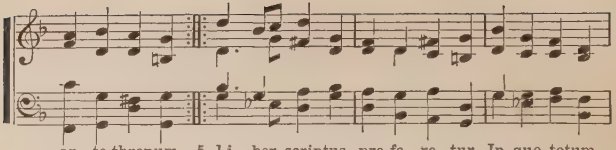
ex - au- dis - ti, Mi - hi quo-que spem de-dis-ti. 15. In - ter o - ves
fac be - nig-ne, Ne per- en - ni cre-mer ig - ne. 16. Con-fu - ta - tis



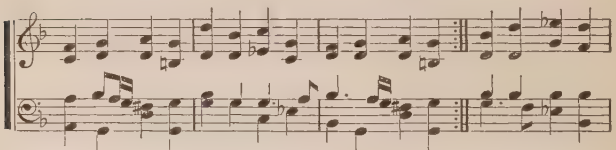
spargens so - num Per se - pul-chra re - gi - o - num, Co- get om-nes
et na - tu - ra, Cum re - sur-get cre - a - tu - ra, Ju - di - can - ti

Je - su pi - e, Quod sum cau-sa tu - æ vi - æ, Ne me per-das
dis - ti las - sus, Re - de - mis- ti cru-cem pas-sus: Tan-tus la - bor

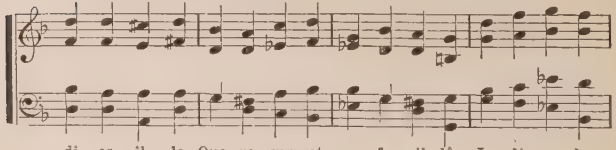
lo - cum præ-sta, Et ab hæ-dis me se - questra, Sta - tu - ens in
ma - le - dic - tis, Flammis a - cri - bus ad - dic- tis, Vo - ca me cum



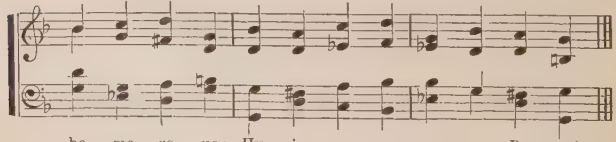
an - te thronum. 5. Li - ber scriptus pro-fe - re - tur, In quo totum
re-spon-su - ra. 6. Ju - dex er - go cum se- de - bit, Quidquid latet
il - lâ di - e! 11. Jus - te Ju - dex ul - ti - o - nis, Donum fac re -
not sit cassus! 12. In ge - mis - co tanquam re - us, Cul-pâ ru-bet
par-te dex-trâ! 17. O - ro sup-plex et ac - cli - nis, Cor contritum
be - ne - dic-tis!



con - ti - ne-tur, Un-de mundus ju - di - ce-tur.
ap - pa - re - bit, Nil in - ul - tum re - ma- - ne- bit.
mis - si - o - nis An- te di - em ra - ti - o - nis. 18. La-chry-mo-sa
vul-tus me-us: Suppli-can-ti par-ce, De - us!
qua- si ci - nis: Ge- re cu-ram me - i fi - nis!



di - es il - la Qua re - sur-get ex fa - vil - lâ, Ju - di - can-dus



ho - mo re - us: Hu - ic er - go par - ce, De - us!

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Dies Irae.

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